

SONGS

by

ARTHUR KOOTE.

Op. 26.

Sleep, Baby, sleep.
Love me if I live!
The Night has a thousand eyes.
The Eden-Rose.
Summer Longings.
To Blossoms.
I arise from dreams of Thee.
My True-love hath my heart.
In a Bower.
The Water-Lily.
How long, Dear Love?

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INDEX.



	Page
Sleep, Baby, Sleep	5.
Love me if I live!	8.
The Night has a thousand eyes	11.
The Eden-Rose. <i>Fair Eve knelt close to the guarded gate</i>	12.
Summer Longings. <i>Ah! my heart is weary waiting</i>	17.
To Blossoms. <i>Fair pledges of a fruitful tree</i>	20.
I arise from dreams of Thee	22.
A Ditty. <i>My True-love hath my heart</i>	26.
In a Bower. <i>A Maiden sits in her bower and sings</i>	28.
The Water-Lily. <i>A silent waterlily from the dark lake doth rise</i> .	33.
How long, Dear Love? <i>If on my grave the summer grass were growing.</i>	36.



To Mrs. Julie L. Wyman.

Sleep, Baby, sleep.

(From the German by Elizabeth Prentiss.)

ARTHUR FOOTE, Op. 26.

Andantino espressivo. (♩.) *dolce*

Sleep, ba - by, sleep! — Thy

fa-ther's watch-ing the sheep, — Thy mo-ther's sha-king the dream-land tree, And

down drops a lit - tle dream for thee — Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

p *Red.* *poco cresc.* *dim. ten. p* *p* *Red.* *** *Red.*

dolce

Sleep, ba - by, sleep! — The large stars are the sheep, — The

p

Red. *

poco cresc. *dim.* *ten.*

lit - tle stars are the lambs, I guess, The bright moon is the shep - herd - ess —

poco cresc. *p*

Red. *

p

Sleep, ba - by, sleep! — Sleep, ba - by, sleep! — The

Red. *

p

Sa - viour loves his sheep; — He is the Lamb of God on high,

una corda *pp*

Red. *

pp
Who for our sakes came down to die — Sleep, ba - by, sleep!

pp

Red. *

pp
Sleep, ba - by, sleep! — A - way to tend the

p *pp*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

sheep, — A - way, thou sheep - dog fierce and wild, And do not harm my

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

ten. *dolcissimo e rit.*
sleep-ing child! Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep! —

una corda *pp* *rit.*

Red. * *Red.* *

To Miss Marie Barnard.

Love me, if I live!

(The Poem by Barry Cornwall.)

Allegro assai. (♩.)

Love me, if I

live! Love me, if I die!

What to me is life or death, So that thou be

nigh? Once I loved thee rich,

p *pp*

cresc. *f* *molto dim.* *dolce*

Ped. *** *Ped.* *** *Ped.* *** *Ped.* *** *Ped.* ***

Now I love thee poor, Ah! what is there I

mf

rit. e dim. espress.

could not, Could not for thy sake en-

rit. e dim.

tempo dure! Kiss me for my love!

p

cantando

r. h.

cresc. Pay me for my pain! *dolce* Come, and mur - mur

cresc. *p*

poco rit.

in my ear — How thou lov'st — a — gain.

mf *dimin* *ritard.*

Red. *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *

p animato in tempo *cresc.*

Love — me, if I live! — Love — me, if I

pp animato *mf*

Red. *Red.* *Red.* * *Red.*

cresc. *espress.* *ritard.*

die! — What to me is life — or death

ff *ritard.*

Red. * *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

So that thou — be nigh?

ritard. *ff*

Red. *Red.* *Red.*

The night has a thousand eyes.

(The Poem by Francis W. Bourdillon.)

Andante espressivo. (♩.)
dolce

The night has a thou-sand eyes,— And the day — but one; Yet the

light of the bright world dies, With the dy - ing sun. The

mind has a thou - sand eyes,— And the heart — but one; Yet the

light of a whole life dies,— When love — is done.

pp *poco cresc.* *una corda* *pp* *poco rit.* *ppp* *ritard.*

To Mrs. Janet Edmondson Walker.

The Eden-Rose.

(The Poem is quoted by Rudyard Kipling in "Mrs. Hauksbee sits out.")

Comodo. (♩.)

dolce
Fair Eve knelt close to the guard-ed gate, In the

cresc.
hush of an East-ern Spring; She saw the flash of the An-gels

dim. *p* *mf* *cresc.*
sword, The gleam of the An-gel's wing, of the An-gel's wing.

dim. *p*
sword, The gleam of the An-gel's wing, of the An-gel's wing.

f *dim.* *pp*

p
And be-cause she was so beau-ti-ful, — And be-

rit. *p tempo* *f*

Red. *Red.* *

accel. *rit. - tempo* *p*
cause she could not see — How fair were the pure white cy-cla-mens

p colla voce *p*

Red. *

f
Crushed, dy-ing, at her knee; — He plucked a rose — from the

f

Red. *

dolce
E - - den tree, Where the four — great riv - ers met, And

Red. *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *

espress.

sheltered her bo - som's thorn - y pain, Neath its pet - als dew - y wet.

p

una corda

ped. *

p

And though for man - y a

mf

f

p legato

ped. *

cy - cle past, That rose in the dust hath lain, With

ped.

p espress.

ritard.

her who bore it up-on her breast, When she passed from grief and

dimin.

ritard.

ped. *

pain. There was nev-er a daugh-ter of

molto rit. *dim.* *p a tempo* *p*

Eve, but once Ere the tale of her years — be done, Shall

know the scent of the E - den rose, But once be-neath the sun! Though the

mf *dim.* *f*

years may bring — her joy or pain, Fame, — sor-row or sac - ri - fice,

cresc. e poco riten. *cresc. e poco riten.*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

Più lento. (♩) dolce *pp*

The hour that brought her the scent of the rose, — She

p *pp*

Red. *Red.* *Red.*

mezza voce

lived it in Par - a - dise; — The hour that brought her the

p legato

Red. ** Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

scent of the rose, — She lived it in Par - a - dise. —

una corda

Red. *Red.* ** Red.* *Red.*

sf *sf* *ppp*

Red. ** Red.* ** Red.* ** Red.* ***

To Mrs. Seabury C. Ford.

Summer Longings.

(The Poem by Denis Florence Mc Carthy.)

Allegro grazioso. (♩)

Ah! my heart is wea - ry wait - ing, Wait - ing for the May,

Wait - ing for the pleas - ant ram - bles, Where the fra - grant haw - thorn bram - bles,

With the wood - bine al - ter - na - ting, Scent the dew - y way.

mf

p

cresc. *dolce*

cresc. *p*

Red. Red. Red. *

p espress.

Ah! my heart is wea - ry wait - ing, Wait - ing for the May.

Wait - ing sad, de - ject - ed, wea - ry, Wait - ing for the May.

Spring goes by with was - ted warn - ings, Moon - lit even - ings, sun - bright morn - ings,

Sum - mer comes, yet dark and drea - ry Life still ebbs a - way;

espressivo Man is ev - er wea - ry, wea - ry, *ritard.* Wait - ing for the May!

mf *p rit.*

Red. *Red.*

In Tempo.

mf Ah! my heart is sore with sighing, Sighing for the May - Sighing for their sure re-turn-ing,

mf *p*

Red. *Red.* *Red.* *

cresc. When the summer beams are burning, Hopes and flowers that, dead or dy-ing, All the win-ter lay.

cresc.

poco rall. molto espress. *pp* Ah! my heart is sore with sigh-ing, Sigh-ing for the May!

colla voce *pp* *ppp* *riten.* *ppp*

una corda *Red.* *

To Mrs. W. F. Hascall.

To Blossoms.

(Poem by Robert Herrick.)

Andante espressivo. (♩)

1. Fair pled - ges of a fruit - ful tree, Why do ye fall so
2. What! were ye born to be An hour or half's de -

p

fast? Your date is not so past But you may stay here yet a-while To
light, And so to bid good-night? 'Tis pi - ty Na - ture brought ye forth, —

mf *dim.* *p dol.*

blush and gen - tly smile, — And go at last.
Mere - ly to show your worth, — And lose you quite.

p *pp*

3. But you are love - ly leaves, where we May

read how soon things have Their end, — though ne'er so

p dolce brave; And af - ter they have shown their pride Like *pp*

you a - while, they glide — In - to — the — grave.

To Mr. Heinrich Meyn.

I arise from dreams of Thee.

("Lines to an Indian air" Poem by Shelley.)

Non troppo allegro: comodo. (♩)

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo/mood is 'Non troppo allegro: comodo.' with a quarter note equal to one beat. The dynamics are marked as *mf* (mezzo-forte), *p* (piano), *pp* (pianissimo), and *sf* (sforzando). The lyrics are: 'I a - rise from dreams of thee In the first sweet sleep of night, When the winds are breath-ing low, And the stars are shi - ning bright: I a - rise from dreams of'. There are asterisks (*) under the piano accompaniment in the first, second, and third systems, and a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking in the first and third systems.

mf
I a - rise from dreams of

mf *p*

pp
thee In the first sweet sleep of night, When the winds are breath-ing

sf *pp*

mf
low, And the stars are shi - ning bright: I a - rise from dreams of

mf

thee, And a spi - rit in my feet Has led me who knows

pp

p *f* *pp*

Ad. *

how? To thy cham - ber win - dow, sweet! The wan - dering airs they

poco animato
mf

legato
mf poco animato

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

faint On the dark, the si - lent - stream, The

p *cresc. e*

pp *cresc. e*

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

cham - pak o - dours fail Like sweet thoughts in a

più animato *poco sostenuto dimin.*

più animato *colla voce* *dimin.*

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

tempo p *dimin.*

dream; The night in-gale's com-plaint, It

tempo pp

cresc. animato *cresc.* *dimin.*

dies up-on her heart, As I must on

poco rit. *tempo pp*

thine, Be-lov-ed as thou art! Oh

f ritard. *tempo pp*

mezza voce

lift me from the grass! I die, I faint, I fail! Let thy

f *una corda*

love in kis - ses rain On my lips and eye - lids pale. My

p

p

Ad. *

cheek is cold and white, A - las! My heart beats loud and fast, Oh!

p

mf *f* *p*

Ad. * *Ad.* *

press it close to thine a - gain, Where it will break at last, where it will

p *cresc.*

cresc.

Ad. * *Ad.* *Ad.*

break at last.

f *p* *sf* *p* *pp*

Ad. *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

A Ditty.

"My true-love hath my heart, and I have his."

(The Poem by Sir Philip Sidney.)

Allegretto grazioso. (♩)

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his, By

just ex-change one to the o-ther given: I hold his

dear, and mine he can-not miss, There nev-er was a bet-ter

bar-gain driven: My true-love hath my heart, and I have

mf *dolce* *p* *cresc.* *dim.* *p*

Ad. *

dolce

his. His heart in me keeps him and me in one; My

p

espress. *dolce*

heart in him his thoughts and sen - ses guides: — He loves my

p

rit.

heart, for once it was his own, I cher - ish his be - cause in

colla voce

tempo mf *p*

me it bides: My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

mf *pp*

To Mrs. J. E. Tippet.

In a Bower.

(The Poem by Louise Chandler Moulton. — By permission of Roberts Brothers.)

Con moto, grazioso. (♩.)

pp una corda
legato

dolce
A mai - - - den sits in her bower and
sings, And your heart, your
heart keeps time with the tune; In the
gar - - den walks the red rose springs, The

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molto rit. *tempo p*
 month is June. The month is
p *pp colla voce* *tempo* *pp*
 June, and full are the days, Fair
cresc.
 days, of the sum - mer fed;
mf
rit. *pp tranquillo*
 And soft - ly the sing - er
colla voce *pp*
 sings her lays: Her lips are
pp rit. molto
una corda
pp rit. molto

Red. * Red. * Red. *
 Red. * Red. * Red. *
 Red. * Red. * Red. *
 Red. * Red. * Red. *
 Red. * Red. * Red. *
 Red. * Red. * Red. *

tempo p

red. A face she has that is

tempo pp

pale as sleep, And hair like the

cresc.

rit. mid - night skies When the wings of

colla voce cresc. e string.

tem - pest a - cross them sweep, And

rit molto - - - tempo

strange dark eyes. The

pp una corda rit molto tempo

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song she sings is a si - ren's song,

A tempt - ing dan - ger - ous

rune, If you hark at

all, you will hear too long That

fa - tal tune, If you

una corda al Fine

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hark at all, you will hear too

dim.

p

mf

ten.

long That fa - - - - - tal

ten.

tune, that fa - - - - -

mf

p

ten.

tal tune.

pp

ten.

To Mrs. Arthur Nikisch.

The Water-Lily.

(Geibel's „Stille Wasserrose.“ Translated by L. C. — From “Exotics,” by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Tranquillo, ma con moto. (♩.)

p

A si - - lent wa - - ter - li - - ly

p legato

Pedale.

From the dark lake doth rise; Her ten - der snow - white

blos - - som On the still wa - - ter lies. The

moon, from high - est hea - - ven, Pours down its gol - den

light; And all its rays — are ga - - thered

cresc.

In - to that blos - som bright. A - round that snow - white

pp *poco cresc.*

una corda

flow - - er A sing - ing swan doth float; It

is his dy - - ing hour, It is his dy - ing

dimin.

una corda

note. *tempo* He pours his soul in

poco rit. *p*

Red. *

mu - sic, His heart must break, ere long: 0

f

flow - er, snow - white flow - er Wilt thou not hear the

dim.

dim. *una corda*

song?

dim.

To Mrs. Ida Norton.

How long, Dear Love?

(The Poem by Louise Chandler Moulton. — By permission of Roberts Brothers.)

Andante espressivo. (♩) *dolce*

If on my grave the

sum - mer grass were grow - ing, Or heed - less win - ter winds a -

cross it blow - ing, Through joy - ous June or des - o - late De - cem - ber,

mf *cresc.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Andante espressivo.' and '(♩)'. The piano accompaniment starts with a soft 'p' dynamic. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics 'sum - mer grass were grow - ing, Or heed - less win - ter winds a -'. The piano accompaniment features a 'p' dynamic. The third system continues the vocal line with lyrics 'cross it blow - ing, Through joy - ous June or des - o - late De - cem - ber,'. The piano accompaniment is marked 'mf' and 'cresc.'.

cresc. espress. *dim.*

How long, Sweet-heart, How long, dear Love, would you re - mem - ber?

f *p*

*

And. Poco animato. *dolce*

How long, dear Love? For brightest eyes would o - pen to the sum - mer,

pp

And sweet-est smiles would greet the sweet new - com - er,

p *rit.* *espress.* *pp*

And on young lips grow kis - ses, Kis - ses for the ta - king, When all the

p *rit.* *pp*

sum - mer buds to bloom are break-ing, How long, dear

rit. molto **Tempo I. dolce**

Love, How long, dear Love? Too gay, in June, you

ritard. pp *pp legato*

may be to re - gret me, And liv - ing lips may woo you

dim.

to for - get me; But, ah! Sweet-heart, I

think you will re - mem - ber When winds are wea - ry, wea - ry

f

f

Red.

dim.

in your life's De - cem - ber,

dim. *p* *dolce*

Red. *Red.* *Red.* ** Red.*

dolce

So long, dear Love, so long, dear Love

Red. *Red.* ***

ritard.

— will you re - mem - ber, So long, dear Love!

pp una corda

Red. ***